

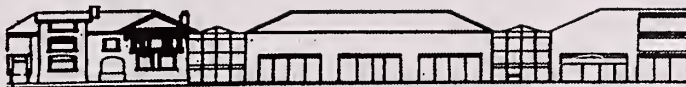
Innis Herald
'93-'94
Aug/Sep. 1993
Volume 28
Issue 1

The Innis Herald

There are more things
in the Innis Herald
than are dreamt of in
your philosophy...



Orientation 1993



The Innis Herald is published (roughly) monthly by the Innis College Student Society and is printed by Weller Publishing Company Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5S 1J5.



INNIS COLLEGE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Editorial -----

I'm sick of editing a paper that no one reads...

After putting reality on hold for two months, during which I travelled various European and Asian slums, derelict rural villages and stinking cities, I have returned to my wonderful home city of Toronto and my even more wonderful home-away-from-home, Innis College. But things are not so rosy here, either (however, they most certainly have a tint of lavender). My experiences abroad, although not my first but definitely my most disturbing (ask me about the "smplrt of Europe" and my Bangkokian bar experience), have shown me that there's really no point in doing anything if you're only going to let it go to shit later (to illustrate, I invite you to read the rest of this editorial). Case in point: Innis College. Like the infamous Rochdale, Innis was founded in the sixties with an unwritten (?) mandate to be an alternative to the more traditional and conservative ways of U of T. With its small size and informality, Innis' free spirit flourished in its early years, in fact, up until about two or three years ago. Unlike Rochdale, Innis has not snuffed itself out in a puff of illicit smoke (how's that for mixed metaphor?), however, Innis as an attitude is dead. Our lifeblood has been siphoned out by a recent trend of mainstream, right-of-centre keenerism. But, of course, this is Innis. Apathy is rampant. Does anyone care that the Pit has been over-run by fanatical, necking bridge-

players or that the atmosphere in the café sucks? This disease (apathy) infects all Innis students eventually, but that's not the fundamental problem. Somewhere along the way we lost the vision. We've forgotten that we have an obligation to provide an alternative to simply going to classes and going home. Last year, seventy-five percent of the frosh showed up only for campus tours; most only wanted to know how to finish registering for their chemistry programs or the procedure for applying to med school. There was one frosh at the farm, and the infossessions were the most popular event. Now that's pathetic. Two years ago when I was a frosh leader, Sandy, then Orientation Director, had to yell at me to go to those sessions so that the guests wouldn't have to talk to empty rooms. Now that is the spirit of Innis! Total disregard for what authority deems important, and a desire for nothing more than good beer/pot/music/conversation. We need to make Innis what it once was. I'm not saying that everyone should smoke dope, wear tie-dye or become a Deadhead, but do something other than play bridge. Find something more interesting to talk about than each other (or yourselves). When Innis has an event, show up. It's up to you to get the Innis scene happening again, otherwise, we'll be just another college in just another oversized institution. The key: chill. High school didn't prepare you for university, university won't prepare you for life, and you won't get a job when you graduate anyway. So relax. Hang out. Be cool. Write for the Herald.

Letters to the Editor

The Innis Herald has an open letter policy. Letters must be signed and intelligent and legible and grammatical since we're not going to bother to edit them. Letters to the Editor should be addressed to:

The Editor, Innis Herald
2 Sussex Ave, Toronto ON M5S 1J5
Or, drop them in our mailbox at Innis College in room 127. What the hell, come up and see us in our office, room 305 in the West wing of Innis.

Innis Herald Rules

As a self-respecting publication, the Innis Herald has some rules and guidelines designed to maintain its journalistic integrity. They are as follows:

RULE 1 All typos are intentional. (It's actually a test to see whether a university education provides the training to spot things like typos — Interpol made us do it!!)
Corollary 1 The computer spaces randomly and that's how we like it.

RULE 2 Articles must be no more than 1000 words, fiction may be up to 2000.

RULE 3 NO-ONE gets extensions on the deadlines this year. If you don't submit on time we'll leave a blank space with your name and let the whole world know that you let us down.

RULE 4 I (Judy) am the boss.

RULE 5 We don't normally censor, but just so things don't get boring we have a limit of nine swear words per article. After that, we'll be forced to make up our own substitutions.

RULE 6 All submissions MUST have phone numbers.

LIVE THE LEGEND!!
Come to Innisiation
1993!

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If you have difficulty with any of the opinions herein, it is an Artifact of your own Being.

.....

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Special thanks to Joey Schwartz for all his help this summer

.....

Innis News ----- CINEMASTUDIES

WHATISCINEMA?SPROCKETSCHAIERSDUCINEMADAVIDCRONENBERGMARKCINERAMA
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EMPTYSIGNIFIERMOTHERSAMUELFULLERMICHAELSNOWBILLYBITZERTOKYOYSTORY
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ABOUTDESOUFFLEBERNARDHERMANNUEANEPSTEINJEANVIGO--STARWARSELVS
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SEMIOTICSKAJASLVERMANSUNSETBOULEVARDPARISALPHAVILLEJEWSONNAOGL
STOCKBLACKANDWHITEKCELODEONHOREDEDECONNEVERHOLDAMTHOLOGESROPE
METZANTONIONIROLANDBARTHESEANAMORPHICGENREANDTHAT'SNOTALLFOURS...

A T U O F T CINSSU

A quote from our prez...

Popsicles have flavours, dammit! It's not pink, it's CHERRY!

-Aaron Magney, ICSS President

SCANDAL!!!

Interpol's Incessant Interference

SPECIAL TO THE HERALD

Now that the scandal-ridden "Mr. O" (previous ICSS president, Sandy Oh) is no longer in our midst, one would think that Interpol would let up on its brazen attempts to scathe the humble minds of our esteemed establishment. This journalist is saddened to report that this is not the case. Let us pause a moment to review the atrocities that this institution of no-good trouble-makers has done to sully the foundations of our honoured college. Not only is the Extra-Jugular Fusion 3X6000 (energy sucking device which this reporter so keenly discerned despite constant obstacles and no amounts of blood money) still firmly in place under the very supports of the Pit, but known Interpol agents Beatrice and our own John Browne are still "legitimately" employed at Innis, wreaking God only knows what havoc upon unknowing students. The worst is yet to come.

For reasons I will not mention out of my own firm sense of journalistic integrity, this reporter made the trek to

the now infamous "Remote Taddle Creek House" on Brunswick Avenue and God's country, and, in short, was appalled. What kind of evil genius is at work within our seemingly innocent residence office? Interpol stoolies inform that there are influences at work within the office. Is it Garry? Is it Gloria? Is it a coincidence that both their names begin with "G"? I advise you to hold them in high suspicion until more is revealed.

"It's all a lie, why do you keep writing this crap?" says Aaron Magney, ICSS president for 1993-94, with insuperable amounts of red popsicle juice streaming down his chin. I am not altogether convinced that he has not sold out.

Will the Infringements on our basic scholastic rights ever cease, or will Interpol not be satisfied until the student body at Innis College is so scattered over the city that they not only lose contact with their affiliated college but with their very souls?

The mood at the Remote Taddle Creek House is a sombre one. Says ex-resident and graduate of Innis College, Pat, "No one talked to each other. They just went to class and went home..." What other reaction can be expected when a child is separated from its mother? But it will take more than the corruption of one residence office to break the resilience of the Innis student as s/he makes the 35 minute trek from the ludicrous location

INNIS HAPPENINGS

September 7 - 17:
Innislation 1993

every Friday night:
FREE films in the Town
Hall, courtesy of
CINSSU

mid-October:
Laser Night at the
Planetarium

October 29
(Halloween Weekend):
Voodoo Pub

keep your eyes on the
blackboard by the ICSS
office for details!



Remote house

Philip Goes Abroad

What do we have to do to make people read this paper? We've tried contests with prizes; that didn't work. We've tried having an anonymous section, where people could write juicy bits and not have to sign their names; that didn't work. Well, here's our latest ploy: THE INNIS HERALD IS THE ONLY PAPER ON CAMPUS WITH A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT!

Our very own Philip Howard, recent Innis alumnus, is heading to the London School of Economics (that's right, London, England) for his Master's degree. He's promised to keep us up-to-date about the happenings in the way cool (albeit slightly dirty) city of London. Phil's schoolwork comes first, of course, so we may not hear from him every issue, but he promised not to be a stranger to our pages. Good luck to you Phil, we'll miss you! May you meet the Kinks and resolve your confusion regarding Lola.

**Your
article
could be
on this
page!**

Write for the Herald!

The Principal Speaks

WELCOME!

For all of us at Innis many challenges and opportunities lie ahead in 93-94. First of all we must start planning for our Thirtieth Anniversary celebrations in 94-95. We would like to make it the best and longest birthday party ever, and perhaps raise a little money in the process. Part of our celebrations will include the opening of our new residence (right now the big hole on the east side of St. George Street) in September '94. Just how this new addition to the College will be governed and how it will relate to the rest of the College are questions that need to be thought through sooner rather than later. On the academic front the refocussing of our Environmental programs and the Strengthening of the programs in Cinema Studies and Urban Studies will require a good deal of attention.

Clearly we need you and your energy. I invite you to explore all the ways you can become involved in life at Innis, such as being a member of the party College Council and its several Standing Committees, writing for the *Innis Herald*, and participating in the wealth of activities sponsored by the ICSS. You will find that your involvement will greatly enrich your undergraduate years.

John Browne
Principal

Attention All Students

Changes have been made this year regarding tuition refunds when you drop courses. You get **NOTHING** back for A, F, H and Y courses if you drop them on or after October 9, 1993, you get **half** back if you drop between September 25 and October 8, and you can get a **full** refund (minus a minimum charge) if you drop between September 13 (that's day one of classes) and September 24. You get a full refund for B and S courses before January 14, 1994 (again minus the minimum charge), **half** if you drop between January 15 and January 28, and **zip** after that.

MAKE SURE YOU READ THE BLUE FEES SCHEDULE THAT WAS SENT ALONG WITH YOUR FEES INVOICE!!

People You Should Know

(Herald and ICSS
Execs)



Judy Josefowicz, Editor



Carolyn Feik, Asst. Editor



Ash, Poetry and Scandal Editor



Glen Fujino, Projects Manager



Aaron Magney, ICSS President



Milnesh Mandoda, V.P. Services



Mike Chhak, Social Rep.

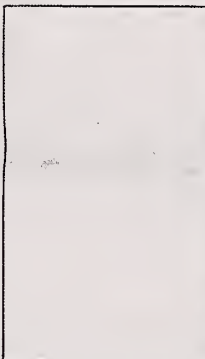
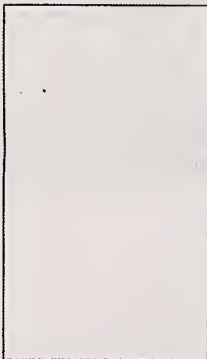
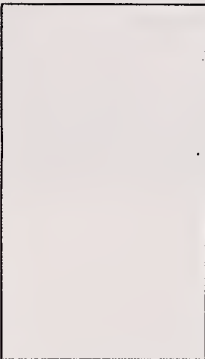


Dale Summers, Orientation

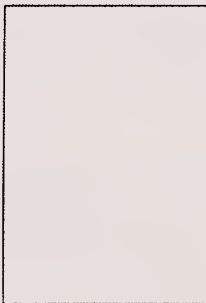
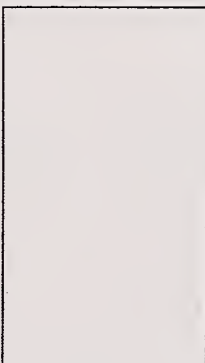


David Kim, Men's Athletics

As punishment for the ICSS members who were too lazy to hand in their photos, the *Herald* is holding a contest to see who can do the crudest and most unflattering caricatures of them. Keep your eyes open and pens ready for Frank Kocis, Trea MacPherson, Dan Rochman, Clare Thompson, Jean Vesik, Chris McEnroe (be kind to Chris because he was in Britan when we were doing this), Bill of no apparent last name and Deep. In the next *Herald* we will print this page again in its entirety with the best drawings of the missing ICSS members. The winners will recieve the undying love, respect and admiration of the *Herald* execs (and maybe a slice of pizza).



Steve Katien, just a guy (possibly the Education Commissioner)



Strange Brew: The Innis Homebrew Beer Society

By Joey Schwartz

Zymurgy is alive and well at Innis College. Zymurgy is the art of brewing beer, and Innis has a very active Homebrewing society: Innis Brew. The club was established in 1991, with a mandate to teach the art and appreciation of beer. All Innis students, staff and alumni are welcome to join as members of this club.

SO what exactly does this society do? Innis Brew provides an environment to help beginning brewers learn the craft. We begin the year by brewing simple recipes from kits, and then progress to more difficult recipes that are more natural homemade brews. More experienced brewers get to share their brews and knowledge at tasting sessions. During the course of the school year, we intend to brew one batch per month for club instruction and appreciation. We will also offer seminars on how to do all-grain mash beers and supply the basic equipment for making this rewarding style of beer (Lauter-tuns, mill, Mash-tun Wort-Chiller and temperature controlled wort-boiler).

I keep mentioning appreciation of beer, what could I possibly mean? Well, we will introduce our members to the world's classic styles of beer, such as:

BRITISH ALES: Bitters, Brown, Milds, Pale ale, India pale ale, Strong ales, Scottish ale, Stouts and Porter;

TOP FERMENTED BEERS: German, American and Belgian wheat beers; German Altbier and Kölsch; Cream ale; Belgian ale.

CONTINENTAL LAGERS: Pilsener; Oktoberfest/Märzen/Vienna; Bock & Doppelbock; Munich Helles & Dunkel; Schwarzbier; Dortmund; Rauchbier.

OTHER STYLES OF LAGER BEERS: Australian lagers; American lagers.

We will further increase our membership's brewing knowledge by arranging tours of micro-breweries such as Upper Canada and Conners. We will also participate in Canadian Amateur Brewers Association (CABA) events like The Great Canadian Homebrew Competition and other sanctioned events.

This year, we will be starting a library of brewing books and journals, so that our membership can continue to learn at their own pace. Innis Brew will also make available price lists for brewing supplies and negotiate group rates with local Brew Brew supply shops.

Homebrewing is as easy or as hard as you want to make it! The best thing about brewing your own beer is that it tastes better than most commercially available beers; even with your first batch! So come out and join Innis Brew. Our first meeting is tentatively scheduled for Wed., Sept. 22, 1993 at 6:00 p.m. in room 232 in the St. George wing of the college. Check the Innis College Students' Society (ICSS) Bulletin Board or call the ICSS at 978-7368, after September 13, for confirmation. Innis brew is open to students from other colleges for a nominal fee of five dollars. So as Charlie Papazian (the god of homebrewing) says, "RELAX: HAVE A HOMEBREW" and join us for some sudsy fun.



Speaking Loudly and Carrying a Big Club

The club scene at Innis College is dead. It has been for years. That's because the people at Innis have long been polarized into two categories: Those who spend too much time on extra-curricular pursuits and those who spend too much time on Academia.

There was a time at Innis when the slackers used to outnumber the keeners, but there has been a frightening trend in recent years toward keenerism. (In fact, scientists have spotted a new breed of keener: the killer keener, which has been known to swarm and kill the playful slacker. For the few slackers left, not to worry; the killer keener has only been spotted south of the Texas border and shouldn't reach us for another few years.) This trend, although admirable, shows an unwavering adherence to authority that is sure to suck what little life is left out of our once free-spirited college. At least slackers have something better to do. They spend their days avoiding classes, "going for coffee", and being altogether politically incorrect. These are all praiseworthy traits and, well...at least they have something better to do on Friday nights besides watching *Star Trek: The Next Generation*™. Regardless of affiliation, there is an under-current of indifference plaguing our alma mater that I wouldn't dream of changing. My only goal is to give some direction to the 5% of Innis students who aren't currently on any 21 day methadone programs or who don't spend countless hours in the Pit trying to masturbate while no one is looking (you know who you are, you fuckers!)

There are very few existing clubs at Innis. The ones we do have are under-(wo)manned as it is and would welcome any new member (slacker status is preferred for most, but not essential; they'll take what they can get). There's the Innis Home-brew Club for beer lovers, and the University of Toronto Hemp Coalition where you can cultivate a friendship with our own high priest of depravity, Roach. We also have our very own cult, which will remain nameless in this article for legal reasons. Ever since the Waco incident cults have been very fashionable, but an ex-member of this group, a Mr. Charles U. Farley, when asked what it was like to be in the cult replied: "It was like a cancer. It became a part of me but it was slowly killing me." Charles is currently undergoing treatment for his ordeal. If you see him give your regards. He's easy to spot since he's lost most of the hair on his body.

Well so much for existing clubs. On to proposed clubs. For all you pretentious neo-fascist snobs who through some mental deficiency were not accepted to your first choice (Trinity) we will have the Ski club, to meet and talk about skiing, and when it gets cold enough, even ski. There is also a proposed Innis Paintball League. Apparently there will be strict entrance requirements for this club. To join you must be a bridge-playing, computer-loving, gossip-prone individual with no life to speak of other than your love for *The Next Generation*™.

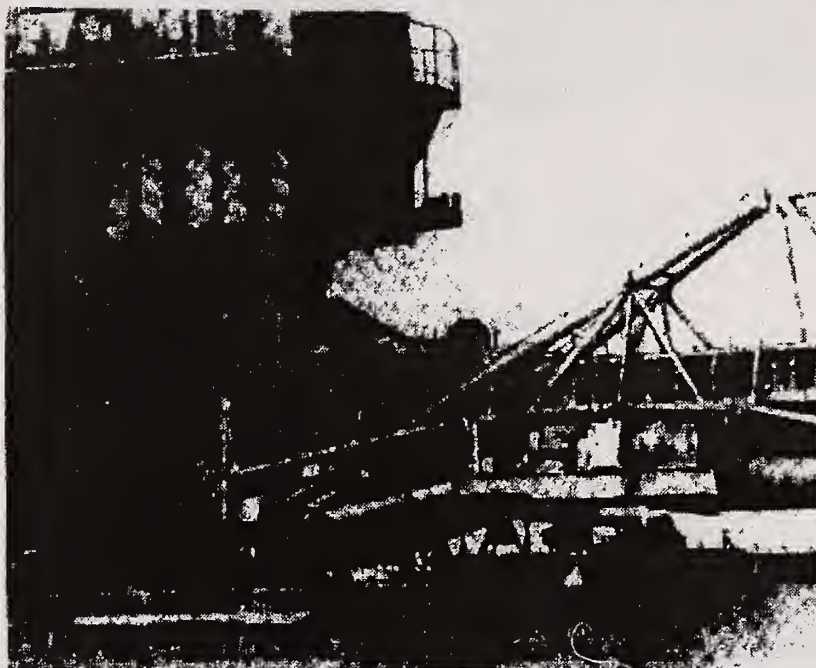
And that, sadly, is the extent of the club scene at Innis. I may be forgetting the odd club here and there, but that's just another symptom of the dreaded disease called apathy which will sooner or later infect every Innis student. In the meantime, if you have any ideas for clubs, submit them to me personally or leave a written proposal in the clubs box in the ICSS office (I have the money and it's burning a hole in my pocket). And by the way, for those of you who might have taken this article personally: get a fucking sense of humour, you inbred losers. And for those of you who were not offended, I'm not surprised: nobody reads this fucking paper anyway. (Just kidding, Judy. Ha Ha.)

- Frank Kocis, Clubs Rep.

Special Pull-out Section:

FROSH SURVIVAL KIT

Everything you need to know and more about INNISIATION '93!



New students: This is not Innis College. It's Vic.

Welcome To Innis College!

As we welcome the newest members of the Innis community, we would like to share with you the principles that guide the students, faculty, staff and alumni at Innis; read up, this is what we're all about:

1. Equality

Life at Innis College is founded on the efforts of all members of the community working together as equals. Innis' governing body, the Innis College Council, is the only one at the university where students and staff are represented equally. Members of the Innis community should support and assist each other, while respecting each individual's contribution to the College.

2. Diversity

Members of the College come from varied backgrounds and cultures and have highly varied interests and values. Differences in gender, race, ethnic origin, sexual orientation, religion and physical ability are respected at Innis. You deserve to be treated as an individual.

3. Freedom of Choice

While everyone is encouraged to participate in all facets of College life, you are always free to choose when and how to join in, and to decline participation if you wish.

Innis College has many services and activities to help you out and/or entertain you. We've got the **Registrar's Office** to help out with and give advice on your academic and financial concerns; the **ICC**, Innis' governing body (which has open spaces for new students!); the **Cinema Studies Student Union (CINSSU)**, which screens free films in the Town Hall; the **Environmental Students' Union (ENSU)**; the **Amnesty International office**; and the **ICSS** in room 116 (beware of room 116...people have been known to go in there and never come out again). The **ICSS** are among the friendliest people at Innis: they're not snobs and don't exclude anyone from anything, so it's best to avoid them unless you're willing to have fun and get involved. We have a **writing lab**, a **math/stats tutoring centre**, a **computer room**, our own **library**, **clubs**, **sports**, and, of course, the **Herald**. Places to hang out include the **Pub** (really good food), and the **Pit** (the thing with the concentric stairs and derelict couches right beside Innis' St. George St. entrance). World renowned for its post-baroque minimalist architecture, the Pit has a number of bulletin boards with info about films, sports, apartments, events, etc., and nearby is the Innis chalkboard which has info about goings on and can also be used to leave helpful messages to otherwise forlorn pizza delivery persons.

There's no excuse to just go to classes and go home when Innis has so much to offer. For more info ask anyone at the Registrar's Office or anyone in room 116.

An Innocuous, Inoffensive, Totally Respectful and Reverent, Albelt Tongue-In-Cheek School Song For Innis College

Who the hell was Harold Innis,
Will someone tell me who the
hell was he?
We'll cheer his name with all
that's in us
If only you will reveal his identity.
But don't say he's a politician
Or that he'll reach the sainthood
any day,
But if he lectured students, we'll
forgive him this imprudence
And cheer and sing his praises
anyway.

Chorus

Glory, glory Harold Innis
We'll cheer his name with all
that's in us
If you aren't with us you're
agin' us
For we're people that you don't
meet every day

Did he invent a better
mousetrap?
Or did he discover something
new?

We'll gladly follow in his
footsteps
If you will only inform us as to
what size shoe.

He's famed in academic
circles,
But you can't get in without a
Ph.D.

We'll follow his example, if
you'll just give us a sample,
Oh Harold Innis, who the hell
was he?

Chorus

"New" is a name for a
detergent,
Not a college full of academic
stuff,
And "Erindale" says nothing
urgent
While "Scarborough" is a good
name for a bluff
"Victoria" was fine as Queen of
England
But as a college she looks
rather odd,
And "UC" is so prosaic for a
place that's so mosaic,
And "Trinity" was only named
for God, So,...

Chorus

Cheer after last chorus:
H-A-R-O-L-D I-N-N-I-S
INNIS, INNIS~
WHO?!!?!!?

by Bob Bossin

Ash's Top 8 List of Necessary Light Bulb Jokes

Knowledge To Get You Through Frosh Week

8. How many Carlton students does it take to screw in a light bulb?
One, but they get a credit for it.

7. How many York students does it take to screw in a light bulb?
One, but they get their degree for it.

6. How many engineering frosh does it take to screw in a light bulb?
None, that's a second year course.

5. How many Trinity students does it take to screw in a light bulb?
One to hold it while the whole world revolves around them.

4. How many UC students does it take to screw in a light bulb? They're too pissed that they didn't get into Trinity to even think about it.

3. How many Scarborough students does it take to screw in a light bulb?
One, but look where they are.

2. How many Erindale students does it take to screw in a light bulb?
None, they can't figure out the step ladder.

1. How many Innis students does it take to screw in a light bulb?

...what?



Orientation - A Literary Guide

By Dale Summers

Having been given the task of organizing this year's orientation activities, I have acquired a new insight into what is to be accomplished. This may seem a little philosophical, but What is Orientation? This question (and the answer) affects myself and most certainly the incoming first year students.

So, orientation is definitely a mixed bag of activities. For me, my position is to assist you, the new student, to adjust to a somewhat other-

worldly experience; to reduce the tsunami of counter-cultural and pseudo-political rhetoric you will be exposed to, in a manner that says "U of T is fun, the people are cool, but keep your eyes open." Whoa! Slow down! Counter-what? Pseudo-political what? Confusing? Well, just a bit.

A bit of advice I bequeath to you. If you jump into the University of Toronto without first experiencing

orientation, your life will be HELL. Guaranteed. I have been through four orientations and witnessed the differing abilities of students to adjust. Put plainly, you make more friends, met more people, get to know more 'inside' tidbits that all roll together to aid and assist you to quickly adapt to our life (and now yours by choice!). I have written this to search for the meaning of orientation, and this may be it — If not, look up 'orientation' in your dictionary.

So, without further ado, I am pleased to announce a veritable barrage of good fun, all for you.

Tuesday September 7th may well be the least fun you will have, simply because REGISTRATION occurs. This is not my doing, I'm innocent! In a word: tedious, but still necessary. Without it, you don't exist as a student, plain and simple. That's why when it's done (and during), the orientation leaders will be there for you, to answer questions and calm any worries. Then it's Lunch-time! (with a live band, I might add!) This is the first real chance to relax, sit back, and stuff your faces. Why? Because it's FREE! Take advantage, and quickly; your orientation leaders know that 'free' anything at U of T is a good thing.

The evening has Scavenger Hunt '93 in store. OK, it's not a wild party, but remember, it's fun. Then you stay over at various leaders' residences downtown to get a flavour of 'res life'.

All who want to know more about this activity: 619-8805, Dale, that's who to call.

Wednesday the 8th has tours of your prospective places of torture, I mean lecture. Followed by, yes, you guessed it, a food/fun fest at Centre Island; coolness. We then come back to Innis for Movie Nite; bring your p'jammies, cuz we're stayin' all night long!

Thursday might be a heavy day for most, but very informative, hence its name, Infosession day. Everything from how to handle stress to studying techniques to sexual awareness will be covered; a day full of the nuances of our alien existence as 'university students'. Be there, it's important, honest!

Friday the 10th is SAC Day. The Students' Administrative Council has organized probably the mother of all events. It starts with a nationally televised jaunt along Bloor, down Yonge, and back to campus (six thousand of us!). Bed races, food, bands, and fun are also planned. An evening of dancing, eating and drinking ends at about 11 p.m. for us because I have got the Hart House farm for the whole weekend (a feat of unbelievable proportions). Now don't freak out, you're not sleeping in a barn. The Farm is a bohemian version of your own home, with toilets, hot and cold running water, beds, a fireplace, a kitchen with two fridges and a stove, a sauna,

pools, and land land land, ours all weekend! So we party at SAC, then bus to the Farm. Wow, you say? Exactly. Can't wait.

Monday the 13th is the first day of classes, but don't sweat it. Your classes probably won't go the whole length. But are the evenings organized? YES!! Monday, off to Yuk Yuk's, Tuesday is the Hart House semi-formal Dinner (pomp and pageantry?). Wednesday - pool, darts out on the town. Thursday is a night to mellow out, but Friday - whoa! Lee's Palace, with 4 bands! Live, all for you. Not crap, not shit, but quality produce courtesy of Innis orientation. This event is our big one, so show up, bring a friend, bring your mom, no wait, bring your grandmother, really freak her out!

For you, the new student, all of these events are free with your 'Froshkit', a veritable backpack of survival for the week. Cost? Not much, you'll see. These two weeks are all for you; the big league is tough but fair. We are your guides and I am honoured to be your Director of Orientation.



Food

Remember the Order

by Joanne Feld

Oh my friends be warned by me,
That breakfast, dinner, lunch and tea
Are all the human frame requires
But it is these choices you will admire.
(With full apologies to Hilaire Belloc)

For your gastronomic convenience, here's my list of local lunch/dinner/snack spots to check out. They are fast, cheap and easy to get to between classes and when you need a place to perfect your newly acquired procrastination skills.

Kensington Kitchen 124 Harbord St.

An 8 minute walk from Robarts. Funky yet serene atmosphere (check out the model airplanes on the walls). Great patio. Always impressive daily specials, which could include combinations of soup, salad, sandwiches, pizza. Don't let the tablecloths fool you, the prices are very fair.

Cora's Pizza 656 1/2 Spadina Ave.

Cora's can be a slice of heaven especially when it includes their pesto sauce. Great crust. Huge slice. A TV and arcade games provide atmosphere.

Café La Gaffe 24 Baldwin Ave.

Small, cluttered and decorated in neo-gypsy style. Not cheap, but the food is all cooked fresh and comes in large portions. Outstanding soups (hot or cold) that are accompanied by hearty, crusty slices of bread. Highly recommended is their goat cheese and leek pizza. A most excellent patio.

Wokking on Wheels St. George St., just outside Robarts

This truck has become a landmark and institution. Although not listed on the board, vegetarian dishes are available. The quickest Chinese take away you can find. Veggie fried rice isn't too greasy. Not award-winning cuisine, but you can fill your gut fast and cheap.

N.B.: Cannot be used for business lunch purposes as receipts and GST numbers are not provided. Questionable.

Also recommended - NOTI are:

Robarts Cafeteria

Sid Smith - **The Hangar**

Hart House - **The Arbor Room**

exceptions to the above rule:

1. Pizza Hut kiosk at Robarts (greasy but filling);
2. Fresh daily baked muffins at The Hangar;
3. Patio at the Arbor Room (for beers only).

Okay, now back to the good stuff.

El-Basha 415 Bloor St. West

Fab falafel. Chi-chi shish taouk (chicken) and marvellous mudardani (rice and lentils). TV always up and running for soap/game/talk show junkies.

Harbord Bakery 115 Harbord St.

By far, the best tuna sandwich in town. No place to sit, but great take-out. Stop by for a fresh cheese bagel and huge chewy doughy twisters.

Innis Café Innis College

When the other frosh ask you why you chose Innis, give them the best and most truthful answer: THE INNIS CAFE. Consistently great quality and a creative menu. Personal favourites are the crisp, cold fresh salads, homemade quiches, hot soups in winter and cool chilled soups in the summer. And, to finish it off, desserts by Dufflets. Need I say more? Impress your friends. Nobody knows about this place.

Bonus cool hint: Across the street from Innis, Woodsworth College has built a sleek new coffee bar, catered by the Innis gang. Strange hours, but you'll look hip just sitting there.

And so, as the Yiddish proverb tells us: Az der mogn iz leydik der moyekh oykh leydik. When the stomach is empty so is the brain. Remember the order.



Vegetarian Food Review- Capers Café

by Carolyn Fell

Since moving downtown, I have found that there is a cornucopia of vegetarian food to choose from. Unfortunately, a lot of places that serve meatless dishes are overpriced and overrated. There is more to nutritious vegetarian food than beans, which is a concept that some of these places should clue into.

Halfway through the summer a new vegetarian restaurant opened up on Bloor street called Capers Café. It is located 1 1/2 blocks west of Spadina on the north side of the road. I was overjoyed (well, maybe not that elated but definitely happy) to see a new restaurant open up because I was getting downright sick of the other restaurants in that neighbourhood. Despite my happiness, I was hesitant to try it out because I had heard that it was pretty expensive. You have to understand, however, that I consider any lunch that costs more than four dollars unusually pricey. I decided to try it out anyway and was pleased to find out that the average lunch is \$5.95, and since I had just been paid it didn't seem like that big a deal.

I ordered a broccoli and cheese quiche (I don't eat yucky mushrooms) and a lentil soup. My lunch included a side salad and bread. The food was great! I really appreciated the fact that the food was fresh and didn't taste as though it had been sitting under a heat lamp for a decade.

The quiche was tender and totally free of the characteristic pool of sludgy water that generally accompanies quiche. The salad came with a scrumptious and unusual house dressing that defies comparison to even the best Kraft dressing. The downpoints of the meal were the soup which was a little bit bland and had too much spice to cover over an obviously half-hearted attempt at broth, and the bread which was not quite as fresh as it could have been.

All in all it was a good meal and I got lots of food for my hard earned just-a-pittance-more-than-minimum-wage dollar.

The carrot and ginger soup is a nice light meal if you only have a few bucks and it also comes with bread. Also, unless you have a lot of money, try to avoid this place at dinnertime because the prices double after 4.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH: Duck with Orange Sauce

- 1/2 cup of Ketchup™
- 1/2 cup of mustard
- 1 duck (dead)

Mix Ketchup™ and mustard thoroughly.
Cook duck. Put sauce on duck. Run away.



Innisiation Schedule

<p>tuesday september 7</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">*Registration*Campus tours*BBQ Lunch (with a live band!)*Evening - Scavenger Hunt and frosh billeting (you get to stay overnight!)	<p>wednesday september 8</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">*Specialized campus tours: for arts and for science students*Lunch at innis*Centre Island!*Evening - ALL NIGHT MOVIE NIGHT	<p>thursday september 9</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">*Information Sessions*Evening - Karaoke Beach Pub	<p>friday september 10</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">*SAC Day - Sivuillq bed racesdowntown paradeSAC Carnival*Late Late Evening - up to the Hart House Farm (this excursion is not to be missed!)
<p>saturday september 11</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">*Hart House Farm hikingswimmingsaunasuntanningsleepingcavescliffsveggin	<p>sunday september 12</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">*Return from Farm at noon*Recuperation (you'll need it!)*Get psyched for classes	<p>monday september 13</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">*Classes start!*Evening - Yuk Yuk's	<p>tuesday september 14</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">*Classes all day*Evening - Hart House Dinner and Awards (semi-formal!)
<p>wednesday september 15</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">*Classes*Evening - Pool, Bowling	<p>thursday september 16</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">*Classes*Optional night - you can stay home and mellow out, or go out with some of the more hardy innis types, or -- Attend the <i>Herald</i> meeting!	<p>friday september 17</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">*Classes*Band Pub at Lee's Palace!with a big headliner band plus 5 others!Frosh get in FREE (but you need I.D. to drink)	<p>come out and get involved in Innisiation '93. We promise you won't be disappointed!</p>

Don't be a knob! Come on out and join the fun!

Registration:

This is a very important step. If you play hooky for this one, forget about attending university. While you're in the Town Hall the staff and the student organizations will bombard you with an excess of boring information; be sure to bring your walkmans so you can tune them out (who needs useful information, anyway?)

Campus Tours:

These will come in handy, as U of T is just a sprawling mass of confusion. Without a proper tour, you'll be toast on the first day of classes. It took the *Herald* staff members an average of two years to figure out that UC was not Hart House. The specialized tours are something new this year, and they will be well worth it, since the artsy classes are rarely in the same parts of campus as the science classes.

BBQ Lunch with Live Band:

You can't go wrong - the food's free and you get a chance to mingle. The band's cool, too. They gave an impromptu acoustic concert last year, so we booked them for real this year. The student societies and activities available at Innis will have booths set up, so you can get lots of info on just about anything.

Scavenger Hunt:

A tradition at Innis, this is actually a lot of fun. Prizes are awarded for the winning team at the Hart House Dinner.

Billeting:

This gives you a unique opportunity to get to know some of the returning Innis students. Don't worry, we don't bite, although no guarantees about silly slumber party tricks we learned in grade school...

Centre Island:

Lots of fun and games: Ultimate Frisbee, Twister, softball, football, etc., and more free food. Centre Island is a good place to just relax and hang out. Maybe by this time you'll have got up the nerve to approach that cute frosh you've been eyeing...

Movie Night:

On the big screen in the Town Hall. Bring your pillows, blankets and teddy bears. On the roster: horror, comedy, action, all until the wee hours of the morning. We all go for breakfast when it's over. We're not sure of the movie lineup, but breakfast may or may not include some form of egg.

Infosessions:

These are actually very important. There will be seminars on alcohol awareness, sexual harassment, stress management, plus info about the services that Innis has to offer. If you don't go to these sessions, you'll have to wear an identifying "Ignoramus" sticker for the rest of the Innislation festivities.

Karaoke Beach Pub:

Held in the Innis Pub (which doubles as the café), this is an all-ages event with wet and dry sections. Our Karaoke Pubs are always a blast, and you may be surprised to see how much true Innis talent is out there. (No joke!). Don't forget your beachwear!

SAC Day:

Sivulliq (Inuit for 'The First and Greatest Celebration'). This will be a fantastic day, with the action-and water balloon-packed bed races down St. George St., the nationally televised downtown parade (Innis has its own float!), the SAC carnival on UC's Back Campus, and some really cool bands playing in Hart House - Me, Mom and Morgentaller, the Waltons, King Apparatus, and even a Latin beat band!
...then: TO THE FARM!!

Hart House Farm:

This weekend-long excursion is NOT TO BE MISSED! It's a huge complex with a thoroughly modern farmhouse with plenty of sleeping space, a kitchen, three porches, and the ICSS is bringing up its 50 megawatt stereo! (Well, almost 50 megawatts.) The grounds include hiking trails, campfire pits, a sauna, two man-made ponds with docks for suntanning, caves to explore, cliffs to provide a panoramic view of the city of Brampton, and a smaller "barn" for those who want to mellow. It's BYOB for the most part, but please don't overdo it, and if you don't want to drink then it's perfectly cool to do your own thing, be it staying sober or otherwise.

The farm is a huge bonding session, with mammoth games of "I Never", and strangers snoring in your ears. This is definitely the best place to make lasting friends during frosh week. Keep in mind that once your 300+ person classes start, it won't be so easy to meet people.

So bring your guitars, harmonicas, cards, board games, tents, sense of fun and humour (all optional), your sleeping bags and warm clothes (it can get cold at night), and get ready for the wildest weekend of the year!

P.S. Leave your libido at home.

Yuk Yuk's:

This is always a fun night, traditionally capped off by Innis' own alumnus funny-man, Simon B. Cotter. (he really is funny)

Hart House Dinner:

This is when you get to see everyone dressed up and laugh at Innis and U of T bigshots making speeches. Eat before you go; the food sucks. There will be tables with sign-up sheets for Innis clubs, sports, the *Herald*, etc. We'll all go out to a pub afterward and exchange first day of class horror stories.

Pool, Dart and Bowling Night:

We feel this is self-explanatory.

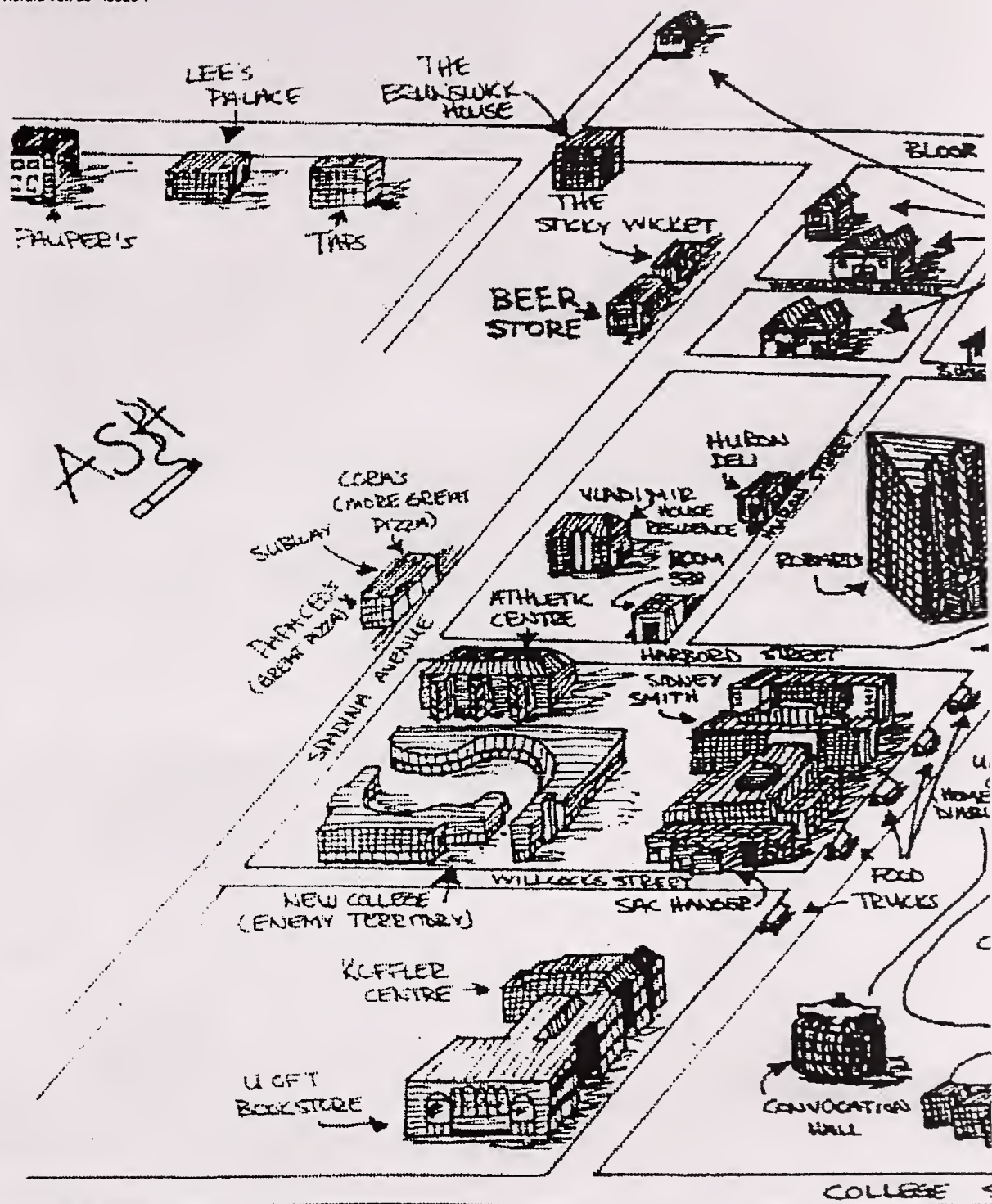
Herald Meeting:

September 16th. If you'd like to get involved in the *Innis Herald* in any capacity, make sure you come to our 7:00 meeting! ("Refreshments" are on us!)

MAJOR Band Pub at Lee's Palace:

This will be a fantastic show. All frosh get in free, you can bring friends but make sure you tell them that there's an \$8 cover. Any age can get in, but you'll need ID to get served. Bands playing: Project 9, Furnace Face, Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet and Tuesday Weld.

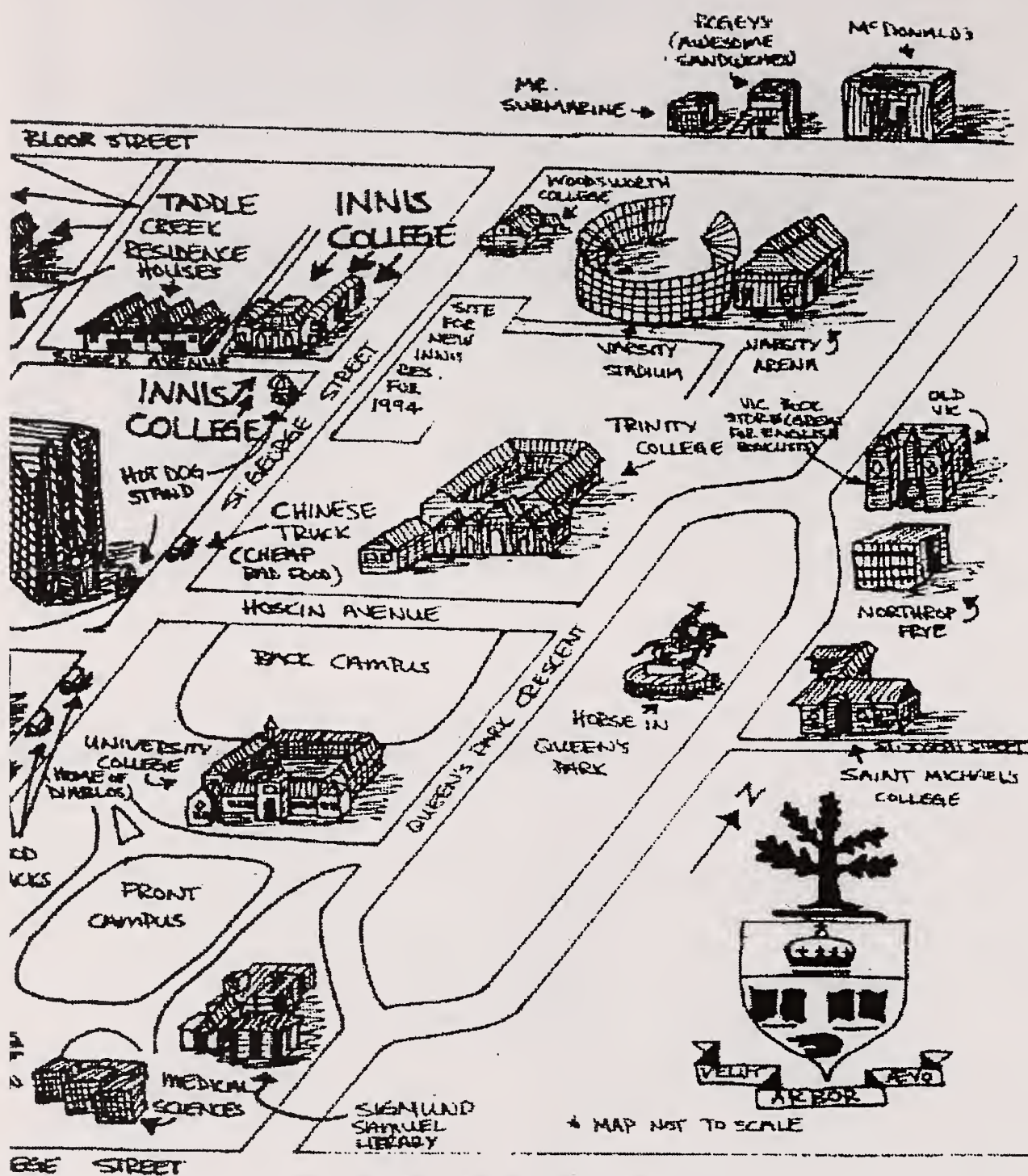
We think that by the end of the two weeks (Innis is the only college, by the way, with a two-week orientation - all free!) you'll be totally wiped, so we won't impose our activities or ourselves on you anymore. Remember that participation in any event is optional, but we'd love to see you come out and enjoy yourselves, and we hope to see you around Innis during the year.



Lots To Do at U of T

Just in case you find yourself too big for Innis's britches, if you get tired of wasting your youth playing bridge in the Pit, or just can't stand CHUM FM in the Innis Café for one minute longer, you can find many outlets for your energies in this huge conglomeration that we like to call U of T.

SAC, the Students' Administrative Council, runs many events and about a million clubs (although they're relatively conventional clubs; not nearly as cool as the clubs at Innis); **Hart House** has several eateries, an athletic wing, concerts, a maze of rooms in which to hang out (with fireplaces and sofas), several student-powered committees, and some clubs (they're not as good as Innis clubs either!). There's the **Athletic Centre** to pump you up, the **Hangar** and other pubs to mellow you out, and of course classes to wear you down. There's an **International Student Centre**, a hang-out for many ex-patriates studying in our most excellent institution; and the **Koffler Centre**, with a multitude of services, including a walk-in health clinic, a career counselling centre, a housing service to help you find a place to live, and a psychiatric



counselling service. There's ASSU, the Arts & Science Student Union to represent your concerns, APUS, which does the same for part-time students, and even an Ombudsman to protect you from the University itself. U of T has its own student-run radio station, CIUT, and even *those other campus newspapers*. In addition to all this, there are fraternities and what used to be called sororities, but are now called *women's fraternities*. (The political correctness lunatics must have deemed a 'sisterhood' as sexist. Is it because the differentiation of women as opposed to men may be shallowly and ridiculously perceived as inequality, or is it sexist because sisterhoods must necessarily exclude men? If so, why wasn't this applied to the word 'fraternity'? What about *men's sororities*? Or is that...could it be...*silly*?!)

If it all seems overwhelming, you can always crawl back to the friendliness and comfort of Innis, with our stinky couches in the Pit, our bad music in the café, the infinitely groovy *Innis Herald*, and the always friendly ICSS. No matter what your tastes, and despite its size, U of T *can* be a fun and worthwhile way to spend four years (or five, six, seven...).



Hey!

See your name in print, impress your friends, meet fascinating new people, increase your happiness, and double your partner's sex drive!

How? IT'S EASY!!! Join the *Innis Herald* team!

We need: writers
fact checkers
cartoonists
copy editors
photographers
review writers
distribution team
submissions coordinator
slaves

Just fill out the application (M) and drop it in the mailbox in room 127 (or come up to our office in room 305) with your name, phone #, the job you think you'll love best, and any related experience (It's OK if you don't have any!!), and come to our first meeting! (See ad on page 20)

If you are interested in any of the positions mentioned in the ad (to your left) please fill out this application in full and return it to the box in room 127 or to the *Herald* office (room 305).

Name: _____

Address: _____

Telephone #: _____

Position Wanted: _____

Related Experience:

(this is inconsequential but if you feel you want to brag to us, we will listen)

Favourite Ice Cream Flavour: _____

Favourite Colour: _____

What do you like better, dogs or cats? _____

On a scale of one to ten, what is your dedication to honest journalism (if such a thing exists)? _____

INNIS CHEERS

Bo bo ski wat 'n' dot 'n' dot
dot
SSSSSSSSSSS (X2)
Iski diddy bot 'n' totten (X2)
Bo bo ski wat 'n' dot 'n' dot
dot
SSSSSSSSSSS
Hepta miniki ziniki za
Innis College, Rah Rah Rah!!

We're from Innis
And we're the best!
We'll shout it to the
east
And we'll shout it to
the west!
We'll shout it over
New
We're from Innis, Innis
WHO?!?

Put your head in the
air
And your feet on the
ground,
'Cause a mighty fine
team
Is a-coming to town.
They're rough
individuals
With plenty of pep
So come on, Innis
GET HEP!!

Toronto For Beginners

As a world-travelling staff, we at the *Herald* have come to the consensus that Toronto is most definitely a cool city. We're big and multi-cultural, and liberal-minded and clean. Ok, we all have to be in bed before 2:00 A.M., but we're working on it. For those of you new to the city, Toronto has a lot to offer. Countless restaurants, clubs, concert halls and theatres make it a great place to spend money. Shopping areas, from the ritzy Yorkville to Harbourfront, from the down-to earth Kensington Market to the Eaton Centre and Queen St. West, have stuff to suit any taste and budget.

Toronto has a lot of green, ranging from the size of High Park to little street corner parkettes. Harbourfront is a nice place to walk, and so is the boardwalk at the Beaches. Ontario place has lots to see, including outdoor summer concerts and IMAX movies at the Cinesphere. You can drive up to the Scarborough Bluffs, or to the Kortright Conservation Centre, to the Metro Zoo, or take a ferry to Centre Island.

Nathan Phillips Square contains our City Hall, and many events take place there, from art and craft shows to outdoor concerts and fruit and vegetable markets. In the winter, there's an outdoor skating rink, open 'til dark. Museums and educational



The Royal Ontario Museum, steps from campus.



"The Brunny", a U of T landmark, at the corner of Bloor and Brunswick.



There are a wide variety of Arts in Toronto.



A storefront in Kensington Market

opportunities abound in Toronto. The Royal Ontario Museum, steps from campus, offers discounted student admission, the Art Gallery of Ontario has one night a week of free admission, there are many smaller galleries and museums, and of course the Ontario Science Centre, which is not just for kids.

The Skydome hosts sports events, concerts, even a truck-pull or two, and right next door is the CN Tower. The food in the revolving restaurant isn't worth the price, but the view is. If you go a little higher to the Observation Deck, you may be able to see Buffalo. (How's that for world-class!)

Canada's Wonderland is just a short drive from downtown, and features some surprisingly good bands at its Kingswood Music Theatre. The Canadian National Exhibition is host to many events and shows during the year, but really comes alive during the last two weeks of August every year when the Midway comes to town.

Many Innis folks know about not-quite-mainstream places. Don't be shy, talk to the ICSS, to the *Herald* staff, to the people in the Pit, and to the people in the café. Toronto has many things to do and is made up of many little communities. Your classes and the university community is just a small part of life in Toronto. Make sure you get out there and sample the rest of what the city has to offer.

Television and Tater Tots

by Ash

As this is the orientation issue I thought that I should explain to you incoming frosh what I expect, not out of university per se, but out of yourselves. If memory serves, you are bright eyed, bushy tailed and thirsting for knowledge. You cannot wait to enter the institution known as university where you will no longer be treated like a pinhead and where you can explore more diversified paths of study. You plan to attend every lecture and you are even looking forward to the assignments as a chance to show your colours. Well, all that is about to change.... Wonderful, dazzling things are about to happen to you, more than you could have dreamt possible....

Although I would like to blame the energy sucking device recently discovered under the Pit for my lack of ambition, it seems that some students are immune. Perhaps the 3X6000 only manipulates students with my blood type. Who knows? But you may be next. I will explain the symptoms, and you may use this article as a check list as the year progresses. *NOTE* These symptoms usually crop up at essay or exam time.

1. Sudden inexplicable illness.

- An unsettling feeling overcomes you during your designated study times. They manifest itself as cold or flu symptoms, or even as a sudden onslaught of mono.

Verbal affirmation of symptom: I'm too sick to study. I'll go see a band instead.

2. Self-persuasion.

-You become a master at convincing yourself of anything.

Verbal affirmation of symptom: If I go out for a beer now, I'll be able to concentrate twice as hard when I get back.

3. Perverse insatiable desires.

Verbal affirmation of symptom: I must clean the oven now, now, before it's too late.

4. Television addiction.

-After a long day of the aforementioned symptoms, nothing is more beneficial than a one hour dose of 90210. I think that you will agree that this innovative show about real issues works like nothing else to further one's education in reality avoidance.

Verbal affirmation of symptom: How can I be worried about writing my essay when Kelly might be anorexic?

5. Strange logic prevails.

Verbal affirmation of symptom: The Herald deadline is tomorrow. It is much more important to get my article done than to do the essay worth 30% of my mark...

6. More television addiction.

-You watch both episodes of The Next Generation everyday and start referring to your prof as "Homer".

Verbal affirmation of symptom: I don't think I want to write an essay for the type of human being who can't see that Data is the hottest man alive.

7. Goal shifts.

-The pressure gets to be too much.

Verbal affirmation of symptom: I don't want to be an English Specialist anymore. I'd rather be a rock end roller. (Music lyrics appear in place of an essay on Hamlet. Example: ooh baby, ooh baby, ooh.)

8. Even more television addiction.

Verbal affirmation of symptom: If Northern Exposure was a day long, what a day it would be!

9. Personelized essay humour.

-The words "I am the eggman, I am the Walrus, Goo goob a joob" keep trying to work their way into your essay.

Verbal affirmation of symptom: My point becomes clear when juxtaposed with Northrop Frye's piercing question, "I wonder how Tater Tots would go with this meal?"

10. Mathematical realtities are obscured.

-You start calculating by how much you can fail your exam and still pass the course.

Verbal affirmation of symptom: If I don't hand in this essay worth 25% of my mark, I can still get a B in the course.

It is not guaranteed that these symptoms will strike you as severely as they have struck me. I simply wish to bring them to your attention so that if you feel them coming you might be able to nip them in the bud. As I said earlier, the energy sucking device seems to affect some Innis students regardless of their location in relation to the Pit, and others not at all. If you do have the wrong blood type and are affected, as I am, in the most extreme way **YOU ARE NOT ALONE!** Contact the Innis College Procrastinator's Union (meetings held daily in the ICSS office).

To the Frosh and Returning Students of Innis College

The ICSS welcomes you to come visit us in our office any time, either to talk about the various options of your position or just to have a good old fashioned (wacky) conversation.

The ICSS has a variety of events and activities planned for you. We hope to see you at the Frosh and Returning Students event on Sept. 10th at 6:00 PM.

Attention all Female Frosh!!

This is Jean Vesik, your 1993-94 Women's Intramural Athletics rep, here to give you the "run-down" on the sports you can play, and on the experiences you can have if you come out and participate.

Women's Intramurals, unlike Varsity sports, are not highly competitive, so if you join a team you're not expected to be an expert at the sport - heck, you don't even have to have ever played the game! All that is expected of you when you join an intramural team is that you are enthusiastic and that you can be reliable enough to show up to the majority of the games.

There is a lot to gain by being on intramural teams. It's an excellent way to meet people - not only people in your own year, but those in higher years. Those older students, such as myself, can be a great help in other aspects of university life because we've been through all the ropes of the school experience. Besides the people and the friends you can make, there are the great times and the fun you'll have playing the sports! There is also the great exercise potential for all those fitness buffs out there. Even if you're not that athletically inclined, you can still benefit from intramurals because they act as great stress relievers, especially during exam time. A morning game can even be a great wake-up call for your body.

Think you'll have too busy a schedule to take part in intramurals? Nonsense! As all experienced students can tell you, everyone needs a break from the books. The games are scheduled early enough in the mornings so that you'll have enough time afterwards to go to the Athletic Centre or Hart House to shower and freshen up before your 9:00 classes. Most evening games are played after evening classes are over. If you don't have evening classes, it's an excellent excuse to go to one of the libraries on campus and study until game time.

So, have I got any of you female frosh out there hooked yet? I hope so! Don't be shy and definitely don't be a bookworm! Come out and play, you won't be sorry that you did!

Here's how to join: You can sign up for Women's Intramurals by looking for the big Intramural Bulletin Board that's just underneath the stairs that lead up to the library, right in the main lounge of the college. Innis students refer to this area as "the Pit". Just look for the yellow sign-up sheets for each sport. You can also sign up at the Hart House First Year Dinner. Keep your eyes and ears open for these opportunities and sign away!

If you're interested in playing co-ed sports as well, there are sign-up sheets for these sports, and also a Co-ed Intramurals rep to help you out.

Unfortunately, I will not be able to attend the Frosh Week activities due to a field-trip course I'm taking, but my "right-hand-woman", Helen Koutomanos, will be there to help you out. I'll be back for the first week of classes.

Now here are a few tournaments in which you can take part for those competitive women out there, and a tentative intramural program:

FALL LEAGUES

Soccer	Mon., Sept. 20
Field Hockey	Mon., Sept. 20
Touch Football	Mon., Sept. 20
Ice Hockey	Mon., Oct. 18
Basketball (Div. I & II)	Mon., Oct. 18
Volleyball (Div. I)	Mon., Oct. 25

TOURNAMENT

Tennis Singles Fri., Oct. 1 & Sat., Oct. 2

WINTER TOURNAMENTS

Volleyball (Div. II)	Mon., Jan. 10
Indoor Soccer	Mon., Jan. 17
Innertube Waterpolo	Mon., Jan. 17

TOURNAMENTS

Triathlon	Sat., Jan. 29
Tennis Doubles Fri.,	Mar. 4 & Sat., Mar. 5

I look forward to meeting and getting to know all of you. Hope to see all of you in September!

Circus of the Scars

By Frank Kocis

Rating: FFFFF

For eleven years now, Jim Rose and his psychedelic circus of freaks have been bringing their own twisted, eclectic brand of entertainment to clubs throughout North America and parts of Europe, touring for 48 weeks a year, much to the delight of their fans. Until recently the troupe, based out of Seattle, has dwelt in obscurity, but in the summer of 1992, they toured with the travelling Lollapalooza Festival which gained them much acclaim and recognition. Due to a recent ban in the United Kingdom, the company appeared at Toronto's Spectrum Club on April 2nd, 1993, the first of a two-night stint, where they amazed and amused all brave enough to attend. The audience was varied, with its full complement of freaks but a large number of middle aged "professional" types to round out the edges. Most people didn't know exactly what to expect, preparing themselves for anything from parlour tricks to mass hallucinations. The show started over forty minutes late; the time gap was filled with a curious blend of operatic calypso and bad country music. Once the spectacle began, few could say that they were disappointed. This freak show, accompanied by Rose's sardonic commentary, provided one of the most interesting and unique evenings of entertainment this year.

The two-act show began with a ghostly keyboard player in a neon tuxedo, introducing the Mastermind of Madness himself, Jim Rose, and his lovely assistant Bebé. He began the festivities by giving a short preamble to the crowd about how his exhibition was a science show. He said he wanted to start things slowly and build up to a crescendo of perversity. Rose then proceeded to stick a screwdriver up his nose. He followed this by hammering a nail up his nose and then pulling it out to a chorus of delighted ewh's (a sound heard coming from the crowd throughout the night).

Rose then went on to introduce Matt "The Tube" Crowley, an ex-pharmacist from Montana who thrilled the crowd with several feats of human endurance, including sticking his hand in a raccoon trap and setting off fifty firecrackers taped to his chest. While all this was going on, the charismatic Rose provided commentary and egged on the crowd with statements like: "I have to warn the members of the audience not to try this at home - fireworks are illegal in Canada."

While performers were busy getting ready backstage, Rose would keep the audience amused by doing some of the tricks that made him famous. This time it was the ever popular human dart board trick: "They're real darts, notice how they quiver when they penetrate the flesh."

Next up was probably the most anticipated performer of the evening: Mr. Lifo, a nearly seven-foot giant dressed in drag with pink hair, who would lift heavy objects with various pierced body parts, including lifting a suitcase with his tongue (while Rose squealed "Fuck you Samsonite gorilla!"). Rose then asked for the crowd to be silent as Lifo prepared for his finale, arguably the most disturbing trick of the evening: lifting a meson block through a hole in his penis with Rose saying: "Folks, this man is harder than Chinese arithmetic!" After he lifted the brick with his dick and the men in the crowd breathed a collective sigh of relief, Rose screamed, "Is it science? I don't know but it sure hurts!"

Following Lifo was the Torture King who thrilled the audience with mostly conventional feats of strength like lying on a bed of swords

while a cast member broke bricks on his chest. The Torture King also ate pieces of a broken lightbulb while Rose explained to the audience that "the second part of the act is tomorrow morning!"

During the intermission I went to the washroom and who did I run into shaking off but Jim Rose. Though it was an awkward place to conduct an interview, I couldn't resist asking a few questions, bewildered fan that I was. Rose, a man of intermediate age (probably anywhere between 35 - 50, you really can't distinguish the wrinkles from the scars) with wiry, dyed-black hair and a moustache, was in a bit of a rush to get back to the show, but seemed more than willing to answer a question or two. I asked him if everything he did was legitimate and he said "Yup, if you want to see magic, go see David Copperfield." I told him I wasn't interested in seeing magic, only that everything that took place on stage really "freaked me out." To which Rose replied, "Well, that's what we're here for."

Rose made his way back to the stage and without saying a word, stapled a five dollar bill to his forehead, instantly rekindling the amazement of the spectators. Then he brought out the Torture King for Act Two. The King was dressed in a black robe which he removed, as Rose begged the crowd to yell "beautiful", to reveal his body pierced with forty pins. Attached to the pins were little lightbulbs which lit up when he put a fluorescent tube in his mouth and his hand on an electric generator, all the while Rose yelling "I'm riveted watching you get riveted!" and the audience watching in disbelief. All in all, the Torture King provided a conventional performance of the power of mind over matter and it lacked the ghoulish charm of the rest of the cast.

All eyes then turned to the keyboard player who removed his tuxedo to reveal the g-string he was wearing and the puzzle piece tattoos that covered his entire body. He was introduced as the "Enigma" and his part in the act consisted of swallowing swords and eating insects. Rose explained that the maggots had to be chewed well or they would burrow their way right back out.

Following Enigma, Matt "The Tube" Crowley returned and demonstrated, among other things, how he got his nickname. He stuck part of a seven-foot rubber tube up his nose and into his stomach where he proceeded to pump 32 oz. of beer, a bottle of ketchup, a bottle of chocolate syrup, and a bottle of Pepto Bismol into his belly. After a few minutes of Rose's monologue, The Tube went on to pump out the mixture and serve it to brave members of the audience.

The show ended with Rose's trademark finale, putting his face in a box full of broken glass and having a guest stand on his head. Before he did this he once again addressed the patrons; he said: "You know what's more dangerous than putting your face in broken glass? Censorship!!!"

Although there was more to the show than just these gory highlights, they are more than enough to give you an idea of the entertainment you can expect. If you've ever slowed down to get a good look at a car crash on the DVP like I do, you would have enjoyed this interesting look at the darker side of the performing arts. And if you're disappointed that you missed the shows, you'll get a chance to get a view from a distance when Jim Rose's very own TV special airs this fall. This show is definitely not for the squeamish but for those with a strong stomach and an insatiable curiosity. It was a fantastic show.

To All Those Interested In Men's Athletics...

by David Kim

My name is David Kim and I am your new Men's Athletics Coordinator at Innis College for '93. I have played on both men's teams and on a coed team. For this reason I believe I have a fairly good idea of how both leagues work and I can tell you some of the advantages of joining the men's league. I played for two men's volleyball teams, a six man and a four man, and found that there was a strong competitive attitude on both these teams. However, I also found it to be very memorable and exhilarating. As we became more of a team and got to know each other both on and off the court, the team began to gel. We gained more confidence and as a result, played at a higher level, which made it very enjoyable.

There are many different sports to be played. To name a few, in the fall we have volleyball, touch football, soccer and basketball; in the winter, indoor soccer, water polo and hockey. Many of these sports offer different playing levels. For example, Division One would consist of players who have played at a competitive level in high school and Division Three would be made up of players fairly new to the sport. The teams play against other colleges within their division. Men's athletics hold tournaments in tennis, softball, triathlon and 3-on-3 super hoops.

There will be a complete list of teams and sign-up sheets at the sports board in the Innis College foyer. Some of the teams may start in the first week and so you must sign up as soon as possible. The sign-up deadlines will be posted on the board. If there are any questions, leave your name and phone number at the Innis College Student Society office, which is located in the main foyer of the college. Hope to see you on the field or on the court!

WE'RE MOVING

and we don't wish to lose touch!

The Sexual Harassment Office is moving from

455 Spadina Avenue
Room 302
University of Toronto
M5S 2G8

to

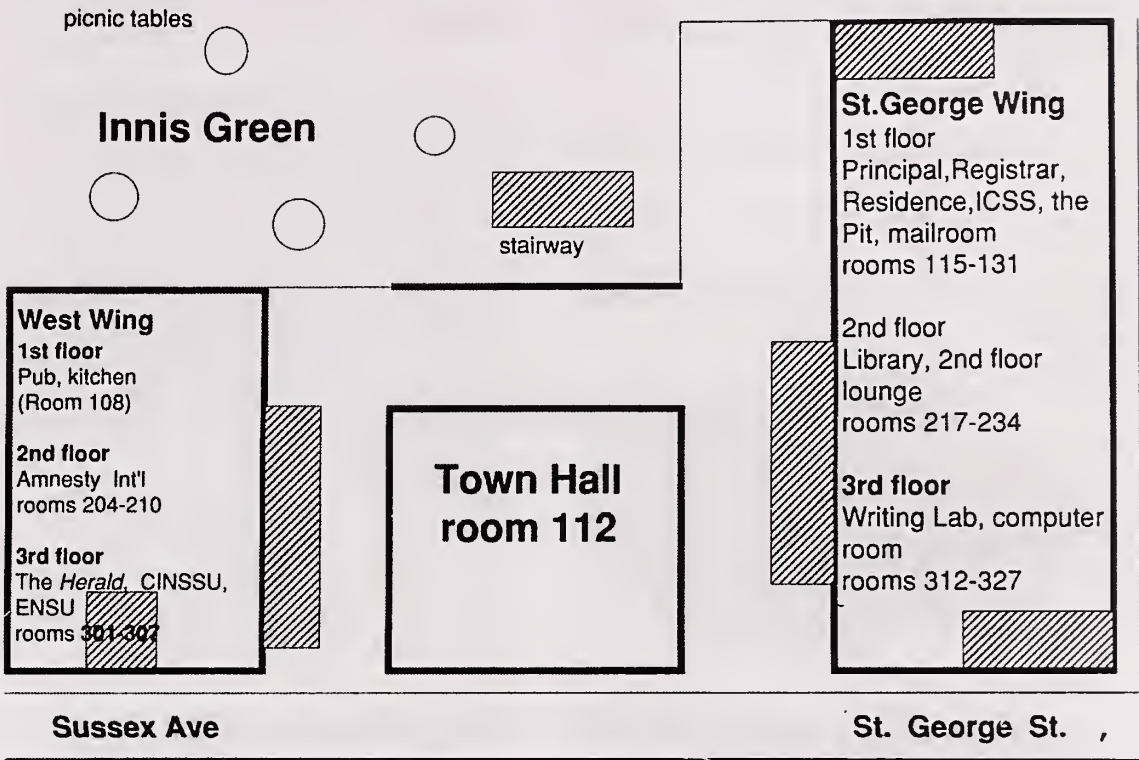
40 Sussex Avenue
University of Toronto
M5S 1J7

on July 20th, 1993

New fax number 971-2289

The telephone number remains the same
978-3908 phew!

Innis (Actual Size)



INNIS COLLEGE ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF 1993-94

Rm#	Phone	Name	Title
117	2844	ARNOLD, Adele	Assistant Registrar, Administrative
125	2510	BROWNE, John	Principal
117	2845	CLARK, Flora	Assistant Registrar, Academic
122	2512	CUNEO, Gloria	Administrative Assistant, Residence and Building Manager
VLAD	6187	HAMANN, Marc	House Manager, Vladimir House
123	7023	KING, David	Vice-Principal and Academic Coordinator
131	7023	LANNS, Lisa	Secretary to the Principal, Vice-Principal & Academic Coordinator
117	2513	MALONEY, Beatrice	Secretary to the Registrar
313	8571	MCDONELL, Pat	Director, Math Counselling Services
131	5809		Secretary, Cinema Studies Program
124	4332	PERRY, Audrey	Administrative Officer
117	2871	POULOS, Linda	Registrar
LIB	4497	SCHON, Barbara	Librarian
112	2512	SPENCER, Garry	Residence and Building Manager

TEACHING STAFF

325	6508	ALLEN, Peter	English (Professor)
206	1558	ANYINAM, Charles	Environmental (Dr.)
224	8572	ARMITAGE, Kay	Cinema (Assistant Professor)
	8287	(New College)	
206	1558	CAMPBELL, Monica	Environmental (Dr.)
317	4147	DUFFY, Dennis	English (Professor)
230	7382	FLINN, Caryl	Cinema (Dr.)
323	4871	GREENWALD, Roger	Writing & Rhetoric (Dr.)
234	4148	HAYNE, Barrie	Cinema (Professor)
		926-1300 x3250	
226	4145	HOWARD, Patricia	English (Professor)
233A	0839	KEIL, Charlie	Cinema
233A	0839	LANCASHIRE, Anne	Cinema (Professor)
	6270	(University College)	
205	7458	MACDONALD, Doug	Environmental
231	7271	MATTEO, Gino	Director, Cinema Studies (Professor)
207	4144	MITCHELL, Barry	Director, Environmental Programs
313	8571	MCDONELL, Pat	Math Tutor
	926-1907	MULDOON, Paul	Environmental (Professor)
207	4144	PAEHLKE, Robert	Environmental
206	1558	PAEZ-VICTOR, Maria	Environmental (Dr.)
321	7463	PETERSEN, Patricia	Director, Urban Studies (Dr.)
324	3424	RIENDEAU, Roger	Writing & Rhetoric
	7067	(Urb & Comm)	
	3530	(Trinity)	
231	7271	ROLPH, Wendy	Cinema (Professor)
	3394	(Spanish)	
205	7458	SAVAN, Bath	Environmental (Dr.)
233	8574	TESTA, Bart	Cinema
234	4146	TOLTON, Cam	Cinema (Professor)
326		WEBBER, Steven	Urban (Dr.)
207	4144	WINFIELD, Mark	Environmental (Dr.)

OTHER OFFICES

210	7374	Amnesty International
305	474	Innis Herald
306	7433	Cinema Studies
		Teaching Assistants
307	7434	CINSSU and ENSU
314		Computer Centre
322	4871	Writing Lab
326	408-3332	Innis Film
		Society
PUB	598-0575	Innis Café

END

of

PULL-OUT



Reviews----- Innis Band News and Reviews

by Ash

CRIMINAL RHYTHM ORGANIZATION's latest gig at the Theatre Pass Maraille was an untamed success, as usual. Although the lead singer, Dave Manson's, voice has been characterized as an "acquired taste", I say that so is Gordie's from the Hip. This vastly underrated band played a show that left the actor types that populated this KYTES benefit concert flabbergasted. Listeners were somewhat uneasy when the first tune to probe their ears was the 70's hit "The Love Boat", with which keyboardist Ian Hay and Dave decided to entertain the crowd while Chris Staig (the band's brainchild and Vic student but we'll forgive him) was tuning up and playing with his pedals. The crowd, however, was quick to get into the band's first song, which was skillfully bled into from Dave's fabulous falsetto "It's Love!" to the upbeat, funky rifts that are C.R.O.'s trademark. There is a possibility that C.R.O. will be playing at the orientation extravaganza at Lee's Palace on September 17th.

SUNFEST, Toronto's solar-powered 90's version of Woodstock took place in Riverdale Park on June 12th and featured no less than four (to my knowledge, anyway) Innis College bands. Among them was the aforementioned CRIMINAL RHYTHM ORGANIZATION as well as BOLDFACE, PROJECT 9, and THE DEAD LEMMINGS. Before I continue, let me just say that SUNFEST kicked ass and was a day to end all days...

PROJECT 9 will definitely be playing on the 17th at Lee's and are a must see, if not for the phenomenal amounts of energy this band possesses, then for the entertaining and not to mention intense fuck faces that drummer (and Innis student) Roland makes. And it is no wonder...the tempo changes and the variety of rhythms accomplished by this band are enough to make anyone's mouth hang open in awe. The lead singer's bizarre manner of addressing the audience and his improvised humour is a joy to behold. PROJECT 9 woke up the crowd at SUNFEST and the lead singer actually leapt off stage mid-song and flew through the audience, arms raised and screaming like a banshee, hopping back on stage in time for the chorus. PROJECT 9's genre of music cannot be categorized, simply be prepared to lose your mind and keep your ears open for my personal favourite, "This is a Song".

Our own Michael Khoo, bass player extraordinaire, doubles for both C.R.O. and BOLDFACE. BOLDFACE is a brilliant mixture of folk and rock. They are laying low presently but remember that you saw it here first, mark my words, BOLDFACE is coming...

Speaking of bass guitarists named Mike playing in two bands...THE DEAD LEMMINGS...what's up with that? Rumour has it that SUNFEST was their last gig. Drummer Dave and guitarist Onad want to explore their work in a different venue in addition to the LEMMINGS, but the other members questioned their loyalties and time realities. Says our own Mike Klinowski, "I've been playing in two bands for years. I don't know what the problem is." Well, whether Mike has washed his hands of the whole affair and whether the LEMMINGS have truly taken a dive off the proverbial cliff remains to be seen. Watch for Mike's other band, BLUESHIFT, who will be, you guessed it, at Lee's Palace September 17th.

This section of the *Innis Herald* will keep readers informed of upcoming U of T band club dates.

Have a band you want reviewed? Desperate for recognition or free publicity? Contact the *Innis Herald* and we'll come see ya. Can't promise that we'll like ya, but we'll be there...



Read the *Herald*, the only campus rag with a foreign correspondent (from London, England!)



Furnaceface Shakes Up Lee's...

by Ash & Carolyn

We're still catching our breath from Furnaceface's last show at Lee's Palace. About this battle of the bands thing, let us just say that we're not worthy. The band's sound was right on at this gig where they proclaimed their new credo of "no more gimmicks". If you are a late-comer to the Furnaceface scene, the sad truth is that the blow-up suit has come and gone and you missed the whole thing (ha ha). This "no gimmicks" rule, however, does not apply to Mr. Poopyhead, the group's bassist and co-lead singer, who still can be seen on stage grooving in his favorite garb: a little leopard skin number that he picked up in Saskatchewan. Furnaceface is an original mix of punk and rap, their stage sound being much more raw than the more melodic, well-produced sounds you can hear on their CD - Just Buy It.

The crowd was hopping and the mosh pit was enjoyable with the slight exception of one androgynous blonde dough-head who was high as a kitten and to whom the crowd showed no mercy when he (she?) decided to stage dive and ended up in a crumpled heap amidst the tables and chairs at the back of the pit. We advise that you wear your doc's, as where Furnaceface goes, slam dancing follows. Said our own ICSS Social Rep Mike Crhak, "I never experienced anything like that. In my life," as he feebly attempted to repair his shoes with duct tape.

Furnaceface's stage show is truly an overdose for the senses. While they tend to stick to relatively simple rifts and melodies, they execute these with a finesse and vigour seldom seen in these days of apathetic rip-off grunge bands (i.e. CFNY's most recent new music search "winners"). Our favorite songs are 'Shaky Thing', 'Government Cheque', and the ripping 'Lady from the South African Embassy'. The show was so amazing that one of us was moved to give Tom (Mr. Poopyhead) a ladybug sticker and the other of us was possessed to give herself a hernia trying to lift the other close enough to put the sticker on his bass.

Yes, there has been a sudden surge of fame for Furnaceface and one of the band members could not help but exclaim, "Are we in Toronto?!" as the audience leapt to attention upon their first tune. We advise you to take advantage while it still costs less than ten bucks to see them play.

***Interested In
Joining The
Herald Team?***

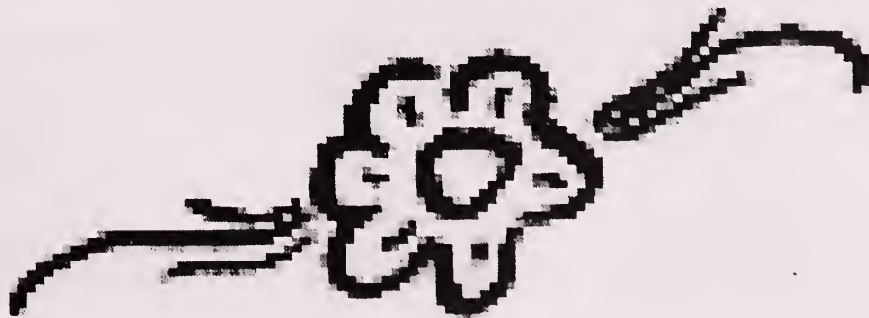
***Very Important
First Meeting on:***

***Thursday
September 16th***

***at 7:00 in the
Innis Herald
Office***

(room 305, Innis College)

***Free
Refreshments***



Place Free Publicity Here

Cruel Timothy is a Toronto based alternative-pop band combining an eclectic mix of musical traditions. They have been characterized as a blend of Sisters of Mercy, Devo, and the B-52's.

Cruel Timothy's material was produced by Rick Hutt (Northern Pikes, Tom Cochrane) and mixed with Fraser Hill, Rick's producing partner. For the past year, the band has been managed out of New York by Bob Caviano (former manager for Grace Jones, KC & The Sunshine Band, and The Village People). With encouragement and support from the band members, during this time Bob also co-founded LIFEbeat (the music industry's first AIDS-awareness organization). Although Bob eventually succumbed to AIDS-related illnesses a few months ago, the band remains committed to LIFEbeat's aims. Cruel Timothy is currently in the final stages of securing new management.

A number of musical and personal influences have been woven into the collective sound of Cruel Timothy. David, the lead singer, acoustic guitarist, and considered by some to be the anti-Christ of music, prefers to haunt the live music scene, pen and paper in hand, rather than relaxing to tunes on the FM dial. David's complementary passions include pro freestyle mogul skiing and biophysics research. Iain, the band's kick-ass guitarist, brings to C.T. a wealth of experience garnered from numerous studio sessions and live stage appearances. Although you may worry about Iain's pained expressions on stage, you need not. As a young boy he longed to pursue a career in mime, which accounts for his onstage theatrics. Drummer Vince brings to Cruel Timothy his extraordinary talent, combining a cutting sense of urban rhythms with the classic sounds of New Orleans R&B, gleaned from gigs with the landmark Toronto band, The Sidemen. And then there's Mark, who plays most excellent bass, having jammed with pal Iain since they were both young, angry tykes. This stellar groove-daddy's playing has led people to refer to him as "Mr. Rhythm - the Bulldozer of the Bottom End". Newest member is keyboard wizard Leanne. Born in a trunk and raised by a pack of wolves, she came to join Cruel Timothy via Route 66, cruising on the back of her 883cc Harley.

Be Cruel to yourself and find out why God, in all Her incarnations, ranks this band as Her greatest creation.

Fiction and Poetry

Ashes

by Samantha Stevens

Hell is empty, and all the devils are here.
Shakespeare,
The Tempest (I. 1. 1. 213)

I

In shallow darkness pools
I drink and swallow and drool and wail,
Wait for the rains.
In shallow pools of my sadness I
Taunt the fools that wander through the
darkness
And wait for the rains.

The fires burn brightly
But not for much longer
Hourglass ponders
My mind wanders and I wade
Through darkness pools.
No heat, no warmth
Only her scarlet gaze.

Salamanders shadow dancing
On cold iron fences,
Swimming in and out of sight
As the Scarlet Lady dances in the corner
And she asks me what it's worth.

Like smoke
I return blindly
To the shallow darkness.
It burns my throat.
She quenches my thirst with scarlet kisses
And Opium blossoms
And she whispers drops of gold
And she asks me what it's worth.

II

The Angry and Violent fears
Return to me.
And the ghosts
And the closest monsters
Revel in the darkness.
I'm scanning you out
Like a cold sweat
In the middle of the night
Or some 4 A.M. lunatic on the phone
Cursing metered riddles.
You're half awake and dazed
You try and gasp for air
But the surface is nowhere
And the shadows will not be broken
For what it's worth.

The dirt shakes
And the earth quakes
And every motion your body makes
Calls me to you.
Seven times in seven days
We try seven different ways.
We sing shadowy lullabies
And Darkness songs.
And we try and think of what went wrong
For what it's worth.

We tasted the shadowflesh;
Tore into the most intimate parts of you.
It is the weak flesh
Where the tear and the sadness
Huddle like vagrants in the rain.
We cut you up.
Held you at the end of a fork for all to see
Then we swallowed.

Hell is the coldest place of all
But I will share mine with you
Since you asked so nicely.

III

The shadows are mirrors,
Black pools reflecting
Echoes of you.
And we are like the night we swim
through:
Drowning in darkness.

The mockingbird sits
On an iron fence watching
Dirty leaves sailing in the wind
And empty branches brush against
A colourless sky.
He knows the name of your undoing
He wrings out laughing words
For what it's worth.

You wear the darkness
Like a halo
That shines through sheets of black rain.
Cleansing your thoughts with a shower of
Scarlet kisses.
You burned like crosses
Now only ashes remain.
Empty reflection,
Like you.

Hollow; but the shadows dare
To fill the empty spaces
Your gypsy soul has left behind
You twist your words like daisy chains
And Opium flowers
And try and wring meaning
from your fathomless desert
sands.

IV

You begged me to enter.
Unforgivable,
I looked inside and trembled
At my own reflection;
It was there from the first.

I swallowed you up
With eyes shut tight,
Tearing at the shadowflesh,
My own flesh,
My blood flows coldly
Into ebony pools.

The Jukebox stirs
And your mind blurs
With mystic sleep
And you swim through the darkness
Oncemore;
Blindly trying to find a way
Unsure of whether you're on the surface
Or underneath.

The depth is unknown
And the destination unknown
And all the dreams that had grown,
Like poppies
For the dead,
Now withered and ready
To be harvested
In darkness.

Tomorrow

by Glen Akio

What happens after tomorrow? Will it
come? the questions will still be
unanswered. Does it make any
difference? Do I even want tomorrow?

Questions. Life. Stole from some. Abused
by others. I wish. I wish. And that is all I
can do.

I cry. Magic dust on her gills. Did I miss
my chance? Is it too late? I can't stand it.
Is she alive? Will I go back?

I'm growing cold. I can feel my fingers
numb. Please let it take over me, or else
tomorrow, and all the sorrows will take
over me. They will come and I will have to
live it. Let me go.

Fiction and Poetry -----

Sense

by Samantha Stevens

The last crimson robes of dusk are stripped away, and the sky embraces the earth in naked darkness. Just before the arrival of that eternal night which knows all and calls all men to bear witness to it — among the chaos and car horns of people who want to go home, and the din of the electric pulse that keeps him alive, he lies silent and still. The room is dark save for what cold light is shed by the countless monitors and meters that watch over him. He is alone now; not here - alone but somewhere else. His body is still here; it lies Christ-like on the sanitized sheets. But now the darkness that surrounds him seeps and oozes and fills the spaces that his gypsy soul has left behind. The broken lines converge and now become one smooth, straight line that reaches out for oblivion with grabbing hands. Like random pages torn from a book, without context without a meaning; now scattered on the wind, now falling. There is emptiness inside and there is emptiness all around.

...

Drawn on by his eagerness for the open sky, he left his guide and soared upwards, till he came too close to the blazing sun, and it softened the sweet-smelling wax that bound his wings together. The wax melted. Icarus moved his bare arms up and down, but without their feathers they had no purchase on the air. Even as his lips were calling his father's name, they were swallowed up in the deep blue waters which are called after him.

...

Jennifer sipped her drink tentatively, tracing her fingers around the rim of the rainbow striped tumbler as she returned it to its place on the table. The sun crawled across the floor of heaven stretching even more the shadows that now nearly filled the back yard. She continued: "I don't think we should see each other anymore." The words floated from her lips and hung aloft in the air. Insubstantial, like gossamer, they floated towards him. At first he could make no sense of what she said, they were just sounds. Her words crystallized and fell to the ground with the weight of recognition and shattered in fragments on the ground. He paused, he was afraid to pick up the pieces for fear of cutting himself on their sharp edges. "I've given everything I have to you. I was there for you when no one else was. I thought you loved me?" "Please understand," she said "I didn't mean to hurt you but I think it's better for both of us if we started seeing other people. By staying together we risk losing our individual identities." She reached nervously for her glass, her hand shaking imperceptibly as she once again brought it to her mouth. "It's too late for that now," he stammered "I've already lost too much of myself to you." The anger writhed like snakes in his chest, choking him so that he couldn't think. His grip was feeble at best and he could feel it slipping. "Don't push me away. I need you... you're the only thing I have left to hold on to." "That's nonsense," she said obliquely "you have your friends and your family. Besides, there are plenty of other girls out there besides me." She looked at him, his blond hair lit by a ray of sunlight that peered through the billowy cloud passing overhead. "I don't know any of those people. You're the only one that understands me. We've shared so much, how can you even think to end it?" He turned towards the garden to avoid mirthless gaze, his colour had left his face. "I think it's best that you go now, staying will only make it harder on you." She reached across the table and touched him softly on the shoulder. "What about you?" he swung around violently, voice threatening like a pack of wild dogs, "You don't seem to give a shit that two years has amounted to nothing." She sat back in the wicker chair, face lying like the moon lies, her eyes like a violent storm: calm, but you could feel the destruction all around. "I've thought this over for a long time and I'm trying to do what's best for both of us." She reached quickly for her glass, his hand there to meet hers as she raised it to her mouth. Choking her wrist he hissed "Don't do this, I can't live without you." The glass fell from her hand and toppled to the floor, shattering as it hit the ground. She glared at him with eyes like mirrors. "I think you should leave now!" "Fine."

...

The classroom smelled of chalk dust and perspiration and everything looking like nothing, looking like hate. Everyone hated it here. He was no exception. The late spring was the worst. the wool blazer and the grey flannel trousers soaked with sweat smelling musty and unbearably itchy. The school board spent thousands of dollars to install an air conditioning system and had run out of money before they could turn it on. He sat on the hard chair that hurt his back in the feverish classroom with all the other boys and read about the Greeks. "Can anyone explain this to me?" the teacher's glance tumbled from empty face to empty face. "You. Can you tell me what this is all about?" He had to look straight into the teacher's eyes to make sure that he was meant to answer. "It's about a man who thinks he's a bird and a man who thinks he knows better than anyone else and promises that can't be kept because people do what they want to in the end. It shows you that you're only supposed to fly after you're dead..."

....

"Why can't you do anything right?" His father's words like a bell, rang out and filled his ears with disappointment songs. "Where were you?" he replied. "Where were you when I needed direction? Watch t.v. we can't be bothered. Here's some money go out and have a good time." His voice was broken glass, as he shut the door and left the house. "See ya."

...

The rope tightened and for a moment, as he kicked the chair out from under him he was aloft. His eyes in a frozen stare in the sweltering heat. He was so cold. He moved towards the heat to warm himself, bathing himself in warmth, everything around him sinking far away. Everything was beneath him. She was there though she didn't know it. The vision of her was overpowering. She was sitting where she always sat, in the big white wicker chair on the patio drinking her lemonade and reading Burroughs while the sunlight ebbed through the shadow of the big maple in the back yard. He couldn't see her eyes through the dark lenses that masked them but he knew that they must be smiling, charming the words off the page leaving them empty as dust. He tried to reach for the chair but everything had receded and he couldn't reach it now. He couldn't even see it. Everything was dim now. Everything surrounded by nightfall and he too. The sun with all its heat could not warm the darkness and tried to pull at the edges but could not keep it from closing in. Finally, all that was left was a small pinpoint of light in an ocean of darkness. he the lone vessel that traversed the void. "There's nowhere to go but up" he thought..

...

He couldn't believe how silly they were acting towards him. You would think they'd never seen a child before. Considering they had three before this one, they were overreacting a bit. They smiled and cooed and he could say that he didn't enjoy it but at the same time he thought that it was all a bit much. "You will be the one," they said. "You will make us proud."

...

Even as his lips were crying his father's name, they were swallowed up in the deep blue waters... As he was still calling 'Icarus' he saw feathers on the water and cursed his inventive skull. He had laid his son to rest in a tomb...

...

And we are all angels and the sun can never melt our wings. The only thing that keeps us grounded is the gravity we create for ourselves and that others create for us.

All excerpts were taken from Metamorphoses by Ovid (Penguin Books, London, 1955. Pages 183 and 184)

Fiction and Poetry -----

I Blew Part O' Someone's Leg Off

by Fifi Duval

Summer was over an' we were no closer to solvin' th' murder mystery. Who was th' ugly bastard we saw get chopped up, who's severed head had we retrieved? An' then it happened. Someone tried to kill me. Yep, truly. It was horrible: I was on my way home from Auntie Athelia's funeral, so I was all shook up from havin' recently viewed the dead body o' my own relation. Mam 'n' Papa slep' over at Uncle Bob's place t' keep 'im company, an' Hair 'n' I were on our way over t' Ben an' Leeza's (our bes' buddies) house t' git rip-snortin' drunk with 'em 'cuz we were depressed. I wanted to stop at home first to pick up my whisky so Hair waited in th' pick-up while I ran in. Th' door was slightly ajar. Shit, I thought, I musta forgot t' lock it. So I waltzed right in, unsuspectin' of any evil. My mistake.

The house was almost all dark; there was one light on upstairs. I was jittery, sad an' tired. My long black lace dress felt scratchy and cumbersome 'round my ankles. My armpits were sticky in th' muggy swampy stillness. Then I heard a noise. I held my breath, my eyes strainin' in th' darkness. the floorboards in th' kitchen creaked loudly. Adrenaline shot through me as I realized someone else was in th' house. An image of my Auntie's ghost doin' dishes in th' kitchen flitted across my mind's eye. The open front door made sense, though, an' I knew we were bein' robbed. I heard the footfalls movin' away from me an' then they stopped. Slowly, whoever it was, re-crossed th' kitchen an' was movin' towards th' front o' th' house, towards me! I stepped gingerly over to th' mantle an' reached up for my Papa's loaded Savage 12-gauge that hung there, crossed with 'is Remington. Thank th' Lord he kep' it loaded! It was a pump-action so I wouldn't hafta reload. Unfortunately, those shotguns pumpin' make an unmistakable sound. If I was gonna shoot this fucker, which I was hopin' t' do, s/he'd hear it comin' th' split second before they bought th' farm. If I missed, I'd be in trouble: th' infidel'd know where I was an' I'd have t' pump it again, an give myself away even more.

Did they (if'n there 'uz more'n one) know I was in th' house? They musta seen th' headlights from th' truck when we drove up. DID THEY HEAR ME COME IN my inner voice shrieked. Maybe they were tryin' t' hide. Then I heard a stumblin' sound. The thief had tripped over th' footstool in front of th' kitchen cabinet! Too bad it was an antique - I blew a big hole in it when I shot at th' fucker. My shotgun blast tore off part o' th' wall and ripped away the front o' th' cabinet at about waist high. The good thing was, I tagged th' dirty crook! yeah, I blew part o' his (or her) leg off, man! It was layin' in a bloody mangled pile on th' creaky kitchen hardwood floor! But I'm gettin' ahead o' m'self again.

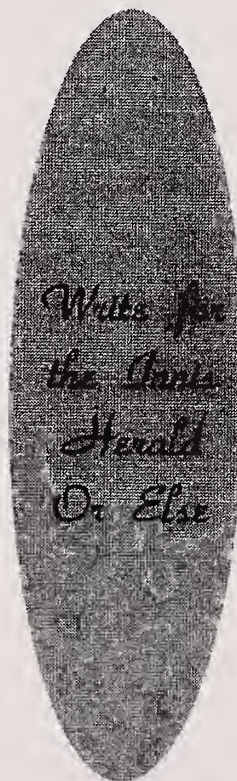
When I shot th' gun, the re-coil blew me back a foot or two (I only weigh 115 pounds, y'know), but I pumped it again immediately and crawled to th' kitchen doorway. There was a high-pitched squeal, kinda like a stuck pig, if ya ever heard one o' those. Th' screen door slammed an' th' freaky sound faded into th' bayou, I jumped up an' ran out, firin' rounds an' re-pumpin' as I went. I saw a limpin' silhouette flee int' th' trees behind our house. My li'l bro Hair 'd already come 'round back wth th' hounds. They were howlin' like crazy so he let'em go, leash 'n' all, t' snuff down th' criminal's bloody trail. Th' sneaky bastard left 'em whinin' by th' waterside, though. We never did catch whoever t' was. They'd stowed a boat an' were almost long gone by th' time Hair an' I arrived, well-armed w'pistols an' shotguns an' those cool infra-red specs we bought for huntin' 'coons at night. Darn!

Back at th' house, we called our buddies Leeza an'

Ben before my parents. The house'd been ransacked. We figgered the desperado was lookin' for clues - maybe even th' severed head we found in th' swamp. Th' sheriff'd prob'ly hired someone to poke around but now I was more scared than ever. We sat 'round th' kitchen table, takin' long pulls from the bottle of Wild Turkey we passed back an' forth. "Shades o' th' fuckin' murder!" Ben murmured, meanin' th' machete killin' we had spied hidin' in th' mangroves two months ago. "No shit," his older sister Leeza replied in a raspy, whiskey-soaked whisper. "What are we gonna do now?" I felt as if today had been one long dream. Th' funeral had bummed me out worse'n I thought. Then it came t' me. "I'm callin' Al." Al was th' gangster from New Orleans. He lived about a half hour from here, jus' outside th' N.O. city limits in a beautiful, newly constructed manse by th' Mississippi. I'd been datin' him on an' off for about three weeks. He said he'd help us find out about th' killin' we'd witnessed, cuz he owed my bro a favour. We wanted 'im t' tell us th' sheriff was involved (because we hated Fat Branscum) but so far, he'd known nothin'. We told him we had th' severed head in a safe place, as evidence... "Maybe you shouldn't call 'im," Leeza stood up an' said, "can we trust 'im?"

Just then, a car pulled up outside an' two doors slammed. We grabbed our guns.

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